estate in Saline county, on short about two weeks from the date of this letter the two roads will join. Then we will have another road across the notice. At Rincon I found a town of tents. This place was filled with Western roughs; where, on the streets, with a revolver at your nose, you are informed you had better hold up your hands or

AN ERROR IN JUDGMENT. Her life had made her what she was revolver at your nose, you are informed you had better hold up your hands or the afore-mentioned appendage would come off. The hands generally go up, while a "pal" reaches down in the pockets and possesses himself of all the valuables the poor victim is owner of. One man was served in this manner while I was there, and acts of this sort are almost of a daily occurrence. a moment before she discovered him; when she did, she arose and went to-ward him with extended hand; the called you from your business this morning; it was inconsiderate; I should have asked you to choose your own time," she said. He waived her apology and took the chair she placed for him. She came directly to the subject as she had agreed.

"My father purposes bringing home another wife a week from to-day. I intend, the day preceding, to seek another abiding place. Can you recommend me to any such?"

He did not ask her if she had conally added, "To be sure there's a girl, but then girls don't count," and people laughed at him for a bright lad. She had taken a secondary position always; even in babyhood had been forced to yield every wish to the will of this incipient lord of creation. In childhood, girlhood and early womanhood she, with her mother, had been constrained to serve and bow to these constrained to serve and bow to these two. She did this under a mental protest always—at first she was uncon-scious that she was protesting, but at length this took form and shape and broke into open rebellion. She de-spised her father and hated all man-kind. Was it narrow and contracted kind. Was it narrow and contracted for her to judge all by two? Perhaps it was, but it was natural. They were

the only two that she knew intimately and we are apt to judge the unknown by the known. She had heard women railed at always, their mental capacimemory; nor yet for any such feeling, en my own score, in renouncing the direction of the household. I have not a hard feeling in my heart for the woman who is coming here. I am sorry for her; for long days, and months, and years, she will hear her kind railed at, jeered at, as being feeble in mind and body; she will as a consequence, be either weak or wicked. See—it has made me wicked; there is not one whom I trust—I shall not stay to see her wooed as a bride, and sneered at as a wife."

Mr. Hollister looked at her in silent surprise. The pallor on her face gave

surprise. The pallor on her face gave place to a sudden flush; the defiance of her manner to that of embarrase-

todden on it turns. I should have chosen a different audience; I forgot I was speaking to a man who has never had a wife," she said, with a cold laugh.

After that there was silence; he was

"But see didn't dood it all her own self, 'cause I did part for chasin' her," put in the boy, who did not speak outer plaints.

away.

"It is nothing at all, I do not care a bit," she said, and the bitterness and sarcasm going out of her voice, left it almost childlike in tone. She stooped and kissed each of them, then went at the same in her soom.

once to her room.

"See said see didn't care a speck, and for all yat see cried, said the boy in a puzzled tone.
"It wasn't 'bout the cushion, though,
I wonder what for," remarked the

"See kisses most as sweet as mam-ma. Didn't s'pose see ever knew how," said the boy.

Mr. Hollister, from the seat in one one of the draped windows, heard and saw all this with a smile on his grave

made each of those children a present this afternoon; Robbie a very expensive rocking horse, and Bell the handsomest doll I ever saw."

When they returned to the library, they found her surrounded by the six. She was scarcely recognizable; her cheeks were flushed, her eyes lustrous, her manner animated, whilst her eager listeners were sending forth peals of laughter. Mr. Gilder like the rest was wholly interested, and his newspaper was sliding slowly and unheeded off his lap. At their entrance, she stopped in sudden confusion. "Please go on; mamma and Uncle

How can she help it?—such a splendid, noble fellow."

In the days that followed, they saw but little of her. She spent the most of her time in her own room; evidently she was passing through a struggle; this spoke in her manner, now unduly energetic, now weary and languid; it showed in her face, too, which was thoughtful and troubled. Several times Robble, entering her room without knocking, found tears on her cheeks; he never told it—the loyal little fellow would not for the world have betrayed his new friend.

She could not at once give up the experience of a life time; not at once renounce doubt for faith, distrust for confidence. But this quiet, happy home life, where so many natures lived in harmony for all their differences of disposition and temperament in—where each one's rights were acknowledged and

I looked out at the world through the loop hole of my own experience, and reduced all that came within the range of my vision to the size of that through which I viewed them. You have given me a broader, happier life; I am very grateful to you."

She did not look at him as she spoke,

"Miss Shelley, I love you." Her hands trembled excessively, but she placed them in his. He quietly

the sitting room window, said:
"There goes Miss Shelley and Uncle
Nat down the street, both of 'em to-

gether, mamma."

Mrs. Gilder got up so quickly that she dropped her scissors and thread. She joined the little girl at the window, and watched them out of sight, with a smile partly of delight and partly of satisfaction at her own penetration."

"Don't they look nice together?"
I said Bell. She had inherited her mother's quick eve for disserning a

mother's quick eye for discerning : romance.—Godey's Magazine.

GEN. BROCK'S DEATH.

The Mystery Surrounding the Death of the Illustrious British General Dissipated by the Confession of a Contenarian

Be SALINE COUNTY JOURNAL! Latitude, 30°; Longitude, 98°. Altiude, 1245 feet Maximum temperature for Minimum temperature for month 15º below. Mean temperature for month, 21° Below mean temperature of

nonth for 7 years, 7°. Rain fall for month, 40 inches.

To be held in the Christian church Salina, on Thu rsday and Friday, Feb.

Reports from schools.

6th. Miscellan eous business. 7th. Discussion of topics. 8th. Adjournment.

require pupils to memorize verses of Thursday evening: "Rewards and Prizes." Led by Dr. Wm. Bishop
Friday forenoon: "Mistakes in
Conducting Sunday Schools; and
how Corrected." Led by A. C. Millard. "Is it Essential that my Teacher be a Christian?" Led by Thos.

Robb.
Friday afternoon: "Teachers
Meetings." Led by Howard C. Rash
"Value of Sunday Schools to a Com-munity." Led by T. D. W. Mancher

Pirat Ward—H. E. Bowen and T. J. Going.
Second Rard—E. L. Norton and J. H. Day.
Third Ward—W. R. Flanders and M. M. Briggs
Fourth Ward—C. Melbert and L. E. Sampson.
Attacked Territory—Robert Anderson and A
Wellington.

east of High School.

REFORMER CHERCH.—Rev. H. Shumaker, pas-tor. Services at 11 a. s., at Melbert's Hall-sign of "Academy of Music"—ob Santa Fe Avenue between Walnut and Mulberry streets. TIME TABLE-U. P. R. W.

BALIBA STATION— KANSAS DIVISION. TRAINS COING WEST-THROUGH TRAINS GOING EAST-THROUGH.

2 - Eastern Express 4 - Atlantic Express. 12 - Local Freight 14 - Express Freight 16 - Freight SALINA A SOUTHWESTERN. No. 31-Accommodation leave...

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"daily: †daily except Monday; †daily except

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TAKE NOTICE.

Description of the policy of t

six in the stage and five outside, exsix in the stage and five outside, ex-clusive of the driver. As the Indians were bad all had firearms. When night came we passed trains of freight-ers along the road camped for the night with their wagons formed in a circle, in which they camped. This was done that, in case they were attacked by the "noble red men" of the plains, they could better protect themselves when dark came. On the road down we amused ourselves by singing songs. CALL AND SEE OUR NEW MILLINERY WINDOW CURTAINS SCHOOL SUPPLIES, BOOKS and STATIONERY, amused ourselves by singing songs. About 11 o'clock at night we arrived all safe at Los Cruces (which signifies
"Those Crosses"). I stopped at the
Montezuma Hotel that night; slept in
a bed with three in a bed. In the room
were three beds, all filled. Next morn-FANCY CHINA WARE. PENS, PENCILS, INKS, etc., BIBLES, LARGE and SMALL, REWARD CARDS, &c., &c. ing I was very much surprised to see what a beautiful town I was in. The BARGAINS IN THE ABOVE. streets are wide, the houses being adob-ic, but, unlike most Mexican towns,

streets are wide, the houses being adobalc, but, unlike most Mexican towns, are white—some very tastefully blocked off as if they were cut stone. I like Los Cruces very much.

In a day or two after arriving at Los Cruces I took a private conveyance and went over to Mesilla. I also admired its beautiful houses. It is situated in a beautiful valley, and to describe the place and country around Los Cruces and Mesilla would be difficult. I know it is hard to give up the idea that our own beautiful Kansas can be excelled, but let me tell the readers of the Journal what they have down there. A valley as far as scenery is concerned that far surpasses our valley, the Smoky Hill, the Organ Mountains, only twelve miles off, rearing their peaks over 2,000 feet from their base. These mountains are called Organ Mountains because they look like a majestic pipe organ. You can imagine the mountain an organ put there by the Creator, to be played by Him at the last day; whose thunder tones would suffice to call all the inhabitants of the globe to judgment! To view, as I did, a sunset on these mountains is a beautiful aight. They become a beautiful purple purple of every tinge.

Only a very small portion of the

sort are almost of a daily occurrence.
To give you some idea of the town, I noticed the following signs at their respective places of business: "Madeus Place," "Santa Fe Saloon," "City

respective praces of ousiness: "Andi-eus Place," "Santa Fe Saloon," "City Bakery," "Oyster Bay," "Cattle Ex-change," "Palace Saloon," "Board of-Trade," "Caufield's Chop House," "Doe Rogers' Gold Cup Saloon," "Sherwood Saloon," "California Sa-loon," etc. The weary traveler having

passed through the "Journey of Death," is here awaited at the end of

Death," is here awaited at the end of the valley, at Rincon, by those who will try to finish up the job; and he need not linger long, for they finish their work in a hurry, to be ready for the next traveler, who is generally ready for the slaughter. We took the stage from there to Los Cruces, forty miles distant. We had six in the stage and five outside, ex-

become a beautiful purple purple of every tinge.

Only a very small portion of the ground is now cultivated, but they raise wheat in abundance, which averages over sixty bushels to the acre. Corn grows well also, as well as other gmin. Vegetables are raised in abundance, and so large it would surprise you. They raise all kinds of fruits you can think of and very fine. I visited one grape patch of eighteen acres, which was good to look upon. This vineyard brings its owner over \$10,-000 a year.

vineyard brings its owner over \$10,600 a year.

I found the people in that country
very sociable and pleasant. I was
treated by them royally, and regretted
when the time came to leave, but
chee red myself up, knowing I would
soon return. My letter is now long,
and will in the future tell the readers
of the JOURNAL more about this val-

I met Mr. Ira Bond, brother of our T. L. and P. Q. Bond, who is editor of the only paper in Mesilla. I am under many obligations to him for making my stay in Mesilla very pleas-

railed at always, their mental capaci-ties scorned, their physical strength laughed at; and she, a woman, was angered, insulted, embittered. She did not stop to consider that mockers of women are always men of ignorance and conceit; men inflated with them-selves, putfed up and bloated with self-pride; did not stop to review the growth of intellect, and to discover that in nations of most refinement that in nations of most refinement and culture and education women me with honor and esteem; but in bar-barous nations, where the intellect was low, where men were debased and brute force prevailed, she was least re-garded. These two men, with arro-gance absurd in itself, assumed to know all that was known upon every subject, whilst she constantly found herself in possession of a fund of knowledge which to them was a closed book. She met them at every point with sullen silence; was bitter, hard, unsympathetic to every one but her mother. She believed that all men considered woman made to serve them, to make their homes orderly and pleasant; believing thus, her poand pleasant; believing thus, her po sition, as we have said, was natural.

When she was twenty-four her mother died. In the last hour the crushed though latent strength of her character revived; she demanded a crushed though latent strength of her character revived; she demanded a lawyer, and in the very presence of her husband and son, willed her somewhat considerable property wholly to this, her only daughter, and appointed as her sole executor a comparative stranger, one whom she had scarcely met a dozen times, but whose face she trusted. Standing on the border of the spirit-land, she had the courage to do this thing. The daughter sat holding the hand growing steadily colder, with a look of despair; the husband stood with a slow red creeping up to his white forehead, then dying away, and lezving him pale in the presence of this rebuke; whilst the son, a coward in the presence of death, shivered and left the room.

That was a year ago. In all that time she had devoted to her father's magaificent home all the conscientious care that her mother had bestowed upon it during a life-time; had treated these two with a cold politeness, the chill of which had penetrated even their self-complacency. They were not comfortable in her presence, and she only a woman. In that year she entertained their guests for them. Their meals, when alone, were silent and embarrassed; hence, for relief, she had constant visitors. Among these she won the name of being a brilliant woman, but cold as an iceberg. In that year she even had offers of marriage; she declined them each with the horror and scorn that a freed slave would feel for renewed vassalage. This very scorn, this very bitterness, had its power; men of intellect

with the horror and scorn that a freed slave would feel for renewed vassalage. This very scorn, this very bitterness, had its power; men of intellect and culture eagerly sought her society, charmed by her well-stored mind, her ready wit and the underlying vein of disbelief and sarcasm that continually cropped out. At length, when her mother had been in the better country a whole year—such respect did this man show to custom and her memory—he announced at the dinner table, in the presence of his son, as if he had lacked courage to tell her when alone, that he had purposed bringing home a bride. She did not make a comment; for a few moments there was silence—full of miserable discomfort. Her face was thoughtful and quiet, like one who considers before making a decision; then she said, and there was not even a tremor in her voice, "The house will be prepared and at your disposal."

the first to speak. "You have acquainted your father with your inten-She bowed assent.
"I will de all that I can for you," he said, and, rising, held out his hand. She placed hers in it; the grave kindness in his voice and manner touched her; there were sudden tears in her was the kert hand while her

"Miss Shelley, you say that you doubt every one; yet the mere fact of your sending for me shows that you trust me."

constituted that we depend on some one; no one, man or woman, is wholly independent.

From the first of her making her home with them, Miss Shelley did not seek privacy; Mrs. Gilder cordially invited her to be at home, and make; the general citting room hers as well, and she did so; sitting in the window with a bit of embroidery in her lap, or an open unread book, she literally spent her time watching the children.

Mrs. Gilder used to watch her curiously; she was as much absorbed in what they said and did as if the solving of some moral problem depended upon them; and are them did not put another question; some children have fine intuitions, and he had, he even changed the subject. "When this used to be Uncle Nat's ruoma, 'fore you comed, he used to let me and Bill rummage all fru his bureau," he mid.

He quietly ignored the first suppo-sition, though it made him uncomfort-able. "It hardly seems possible that Mr. Shelley should think of marrying so soon." he said. His sister's tone was full of raillery as she replied: "But there is nothing

to render such a step impossible to Miss Shelley." He called the next morning as requested. She was waiting for him in the reception room. She sat by a table, her hands folded on her lap, her face pale and resolved; he stood in the door

grasp of her hand was cordial but her voice was cold. "I am sorry to have

He did not ask her if she had con-sidered this step well—if her mind was fully made up—it was quite unneces sary—but he looked at her in his grave kind way. As she met his look, her ip quivered; she arose and paced the room back and forth restlessly. It was a face that her mother had trusted, and why should she not trust it too? Per-haps all men did not thus scoff at her haps all men did not thus scoff at her sex. There had never seemed mockery in the courtesy of his manner; it had always seemed sincere and honest. For a moment, her better nature, her better judgment, conquered; the next, those long years of education put it under foot—the lip that had quivered curled instead. She stopped before him, with all the pent-up rebellion and anger of the years on her face and in her attitude. "Do not think that I am prompted to this act by any miseram prompted to this act by any miser-able little jealousy for my mother's memory; noryet for any such feeling,

"I beg your pardon; when a thing is trodden on it turns. I should have

"Conceited like the rest," was her first angry thought; the second was different; "Yet he has never seemed conceited, and the act did imply confidence. I am afraid that he is right; I am afraid that I do trust him, and that I have this long time past." There was a sudden flash of joy in her face, but it gave place at once to gloom. "I will not believe it," she said.

anid.

A week later Miss Shelley had possession of one of the front chambers in Mrs. Gilder's quiet, elegant home. She felt this kindness exceedingly; she was not accustomed to such consideration. Mr. Hollister was constantly at the house—came in every morning on his way to business, and spent his evenings with them. The children depend on him; so did Mr. and Mrs. Gilder; so did Miss Shelley, though she did not know it. We are all so constituted that we depend on some

acquainted. Sometimes in a sort of desperation she went to her husband about it, but got always the same comment: "Yes, wife, I know it is trying, but there has something gone wrong, with her; leave it to time, and it will right itself. She looks lonely. I am sorry for her."

weight.
She had been embroidering a very handsome sofa cushion, and had left it on the library table; one of the older children had been using the ink, and had left it on the table also, with the stopper out of the bottle. The two younger children, a girl of six years, and a boy of four, were having a game of tag there. She was in her room, and hearing them, came down to watch them, but before she reached the room their fromp was over, and there was perfect silence. At the door she discovered the cause; the ink was upset all over her beautiful cushion. she discovered the cause; the ink was upset all over her beautiful cushion. She went in quite as if she had not noticed it, and stood in one of the windows to watch the passers in the streets below. A few minutes silence intervened, then they came beside her; even then she did not move, until the little boy plucked the skirt of her dress. It was the little girl who spoke:

"Miss Shelley, I am so sorry; I tumbled the dreadful ink all over your splendid cushion."

girl, curiously.

That evening his sister told him all

about it alone in the parlor, where she had motioned him to follow; he listened to the recital without a comment.

"She is so peculiar I wouldn't dare offer to replace it; when I apologized she said excitedly, I beg of you, do not speak of it; it only made meglad."

Mr. Hollister smiled.

"I confess I cannot understand her," continued the lady, then added, "She made each of those children a present this afternoon: Robbie a very expen-

she stopped in sudden confusion.

"Please go on; mamma and Uncle
Nat will keep real still," urged one of
the elder children, followed by a chorus from the others; but not until
Robbie plucked her dress as he had
done in the afternoon, did she make
the effort—then she wound up with a the effort—then she wound up with a spirit that called forth a burst of applause, and breaking away from the little group, took her roll of fancy work to the table that held the droplight, picking up Mr. Gilder's paper for him as she passed. Two weeks ago she would not have extended a voluntary hand to have awaited upon any gentleman, hence the little act. ago she would not have extended a voluntary hand to have awaited upon any gentleman, hence the little act was a moral as well as a courteous one. He looked pleased at the attention. Something, she could not tell what, made her look at Mr. Hollister; she saw the same grave, kind face that was slowly growing to be a part of her life; but there was a new light in her eyes that looked almost like a smile. She felt her cheeks burn as she bent low over her work.

She entertained them all that evening, and when, at ten o'clock she bade them all good-night, Mrs. Gilder turned to her brother, exclaiming, "Whatever has changed her so?—to-night she has been captivating."

"I knew it would come out so; I knew she was made of the right metal though we had never heard the ring," observed her husband. Mr. Hollister said nothing except good-night.

When he was gone Mrs. Gilder remarked confidentially to her husband: "Nat loves her, one could see that if one was blind. I have wondered at it until to-night, now I can understand. But does she, or will she ever love him? It will be too hard if she doesn't. How can she help it?—such a splendid, noble fellow."

In the days that followed, they saw

him good-bye left him in happy poss-emion. She went down stairs slowly, drawing on her gloves on the way. She did not like to admit how this bit of innocently imparted news pleased her; she seemed uncomfortable to see set up against against this kindness the words she spoke to him that day before she left her father's home. She had an indefinite determination of had an indefinite determination of some day apologizing. The library was at the foot of the stairs; as she was passing she glanced in; he was there alone, standing before the grate fire, his back to the room. The indefiniteness suddenly resolved itself into definiteness; she was possessed of a purpose, disagrecable, painful, but she was possessed of it. She went over and stood at one corner of the hearth, he at the other. Then followed a short silence, she tapping the fender with he at the other. Then followed a short silence, she tapping the fender with her foot, as if impatient of herselt. At length she said with an effort: "I believe that it is considered that to a noble nature, when once convinced of error, an apology is easy—I am not noble, hence I find it very hard."

"Why make it then?" he said, coldly.

coldly.

She flashed up at that in her excited, undisciplined way. "Why? because I do not intend at every turn to be met by a duty unperformed; do not propose becoming the slave of a neglected act." She had never seen his fine, grave face so cold and forbid-

"And I Miss Shelly, do not propose being the recipient of an apology made simply for the sake of duty." A sense of all his kindness suddenly A sense of all his kindness suddenly rushed in upon her, and more than this, the consciousness of this new faith which had been the means of forming; her face, her manner changed, her eyes filled with tears, her lips quivered. "Mr. Hollister, I have been mistaken in my own impulse, hence it is natural I should have misled you and make you for the moment despise me It is not because it is merely a duty but because it is just and right. I want to take back all that I said that day. I was narrow and contracted. day. I was narrow and contracted. I looked out at the world through the

and when she finished was hastily leaving the room, when he called her back. He came to meet her, his hands were extended, and his face had a new

drew off one of her fur gauntlets.
"Have I a right?" he asked with a quizzical smile, and then kissed her

Gen. Sir Isaac Brock, the illustrious British commander who captured Gen. Hull's army at Detroit, in the war of 1812, fell at the head of his troops, in the battle of Queenstown, Nov. 13, of that year, and at this late date, Robert Walcott, a centenarian date, Robert Walcott, a centenarian of 913 Morris street, who has been brought to his bed through weight of years, and infirmities, claims, under oath, to have fired the fatal bullet. The occasion of this declaration was the taking of the veteran's deposition, a few days ago, relative to a suit insti-tuted by him against the Irving Na-tional bank, of New York, for the re-covery of \$1,700 deposited therein in 1854, of which the bank has no recol-lection, though Mr. Walcott possesses the certificate of deposit. The ap-nointed Commissioner of the Marine ointed Commissioner of the Murio Court of New York, John Austin Percourt of New York, John Austin Per-cell, was taking the testimony in the presence of the counsel for the bank, and W. H. Druen, the plaintiff's attor-ncy. In testing the aged man's mem-ory, the representatives of the bank digressed from the facts at issue, and drew from the veteran a harrative of his participation in the way of 18th Mrs. Ewell died within three days of her husband. Gen. Bragg died without property, and his wife lives with her sis er in New Oricans. The history of Gen. Hood's children is part of the history of the country. Gen. D. H. Cooper died in poverty, and his wife lives with her daughter in Texas, I believe. Maj. Gen. W. H. C. Whiting, of Fort Fisher fame, who died in Wilmington prison in 1864, left nothing, and Gen. L. M. Walker, who was killed in a duel with Marmaduke, left but little to his wife; who now lives in Brock," surprise and curiosity induced the party to allow him to proceed his Charlottesville.

When he said, "I shot and killed Gen. Brock," surprise and curiosity induced the party to nilow him to proceed his own way without interruption.

The story gleaned from the old warrior is interesting, though with the exception noted not extraordinary. At the beginning of hostilities, in the war of 1812, Walcott, at the age of 31 was employed as a blacksmith, at Newton Roads, Mass. It was not until the campaign was well under way that he joined the army, and then under pressure of a draft. Gen. Hull and his entire army had surrendered to Gen. Brock, and recruits were briskly mustering for the army of the center, on the Niagara river, which was contemplating the invasion of Canada, under Gen. Van Renselaer. Walcott left Charlestown Neck, in September, for the frontier, and under Lieut-Col. Christie's command, arriving at Four-Mile creek, the day before the battle of Queenstown. Being robust and athletic, he was amigned to the Concord Artillery, then of the 13th regiment, and under command of Capt. Leonard. That morning an unsuccessful attempt had been made by the Americans to cross the Niagara river from Lewistown, but Walcott was in time to take part in the invasion that followed. He has a distinct recollection of the memorable events attending the raid on the 12th of October.

A violeut storm had been raging for forty-eight hours, in the midst of which a march was made from Fort Niagara to Lewistown. Here Walcott was selected as one of forty altillerists to accompany Col. Solomon Van Renselaer, who was in immediate charge of the invading troops, and who took the first boat across the river, in the darkness of the early morning. The object of the attack was Queenstown Heighta, a point commanding the approaches to the town hard by. The Invading party was warmly received by the British forces, who were routant and the party was warmly received by the British forces, who were routant and the party was warmly received by the British forces, who were routant and the party was warmly received by the British forces, wh

mander, Wool.

In the meantime, Gen. Brock, whose headquarters were at Fort George, seven miles from the scene of battle, was hastening to the spot. He arrived in time to have the experience of being hurled from the little battery on the heights, which was captured by Weel's advance gunners.

ter.

Friday evening: "What should be the Character of the Literature Provided for Children by the Sunday School and the Family?" Led by J. W. Burke.

The assistors will begin on Thursday at 3 P. M., and at 7 P. M. On Friday at 9 A. M., 1:30 P. M., and 7 P. M.

looking men, and, I understood, very well liked. Up to this time I had not fired a shot at the enemy, although I was considered an executent marksman. When the enemy began their ascent, I left my post and went to an infantryman and asked him to lend, me his gan. He did so. I asked him, "How many bails are there in this?" He said there was one. I asked him for another was one. I asked him NUMBER 4. went to the edge of the line, and taking aim, fire i at Brock. His face was partly turned to the troops as I fired. He fell almost instantly, and I hurried back to my post.

"It was some time after I fired before the attack of the English was made. They fought but a few moments, and then retreated. My Capments, and then retreated. My Cap-tain met met me coming into line af-ter I had shot Brock, and he ordered me under arrest, and then pointing to the gun ordered me to take charge of it. I attempted to inform him of what I had done, but he would not listen.

ried forth to meet them, and succeeded in railying his men, and at their head tegan a second charge of the heights. "Our troops," says Walcott, "were awaiting the attack. I could see Grant Brock, as he approached, leading the charge, and by his side rode another general officer. Brock was a fine looking men, and, I understood, very well liked. Un to this time I had not

I had done, but he would not listen. When the tighting had ceased, I was sorry for my part in the affair. The main body of the English from Fort George coming up, routed us in every direction. A large number of our militia could be seen on the American shore, but they refused to come to our assistance. The English were infuriated because of the death of Brock and showed no mercy. With several others I reached the river and swam across. While awimming, three of our party were shot dead, and I was wounded in the back of the neck. When able for service I was promoted to a Captaincy. I was in service at Sackett's Harbor until the close of the war."

Walcott was afterwards employed by the Government in superintending the structure of lighthouses along the Chesapeake. During the war of the rebellion his sympathies were with the South. He is personally acquaint-ed with Jefferson Davis. When the war broke out, he came to this city and began the manafacture of a patent tent pole and other articles for tent structure. These were conveyed to the South secretly, and netted him considerable revenue. At the close of the war Walcot retired - [Philadel-

REBEL GENERALS. Maj Gen. S. B. Buckner has had a

varied experience. His wife owned large tracts of unimproved real estate

in Chicago, which was confiscated but afterwards recovered. It was then mortgaged and built up, but in the panic was sacrificed for the mortgage

money, leaving Gen. Buckner poor. He is now living in Louisville. Brig-Gen. Zack Deas, of Alabama, went into Wall street and made about \$200,-000, with which he retired, and is now living at ease. Brig.-Gen. P. D. Rud-dy, the brave and chivalric cavalry-man, also made a fortune in Wall street, but lost over \$100,000 in a few days, and went to London, where he is now living as financial agent of some is now living as financial agent of some banking firm, in moderate circumsurrendered Cumberland Gap, is in New York, in the brokerage business, doing well. Brig. Gen. Thomas Jour-dan is editor of the Mining Record, on Broadway, a prosperous paper. Maj. dan is editor of the Mining Record, on Broadway, a prosperous paper. Maj. Gen. Loring, who served four years in the Egyptian army, is now engineer for a mining company in New Mexico, and is taking chances of a big fortune. Gen. Frank Armstrong has made a fortune by running a "pony" express in Texas, and Gen. A. W. Reynolds, who went to Egypt with Loring, is still here, though out of service. Gen. Tom Benton Smith lost his mind, and Tom Benton Smith lost his mind, and was, the last time I heard of him, in was, the list time I heard of him, in an insane asylum in Tennessee. Raph-ael and Luke Semmes both died poor, but a daughter of the former married Luke E. Wright, a promising and prosperous lawyer. Gen. Zollicoffer left nothing to a family of five daugh-ters, but they have all married save one, and have married well. Gen. Pillow's death caused the sale of his one, and have married well. Gen. Pillow's death caused the sale of his house and library, which, however, his friends rebought by subscription. Gen. T. C. Hindmun, who was assasinated, left nothing at all, but the people of Helena loved and respected him. This family has many friends. Gen. Dick Taylor died poor, and his two daughters are living with his sister at Warrenton. His book did not pay anything of account. Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson left his wife and daughter without means, but his name has ter without means, but his name has raised them friends, one of whom, Mr. Wade Bolten, of Memphis I think, left them \$5,000 in his will. Gen. Polk left them \$5,000 in his will. Gen. Polk left nothing to his family, but his son, Dr. Polk, has an immense practice and distinguished character in New York. Gen. Bushrod Johnson left only one son, who is doing well, and Gen. Forrest, who left but little, left it with a thrifty and prosperous son, who makes all that is needed. Gen. Ewell's wife had about \$100,000 worth of property in St. Louis, I think, which was erty in St. Louis, I think, which was saved from confiscation by a friend. Mrs. Ewell died within three days of

but little to his wife; who now lives in

Meteorological. Report for the month ending Janury 31, 1881, by Wm. Pettes, of Eureka waship, Saline County, Kansas for

24th and 25th. Order of business for 1st. Fifteen minutes devotional ex 21. Reading of minutes.

Reports of committees. 4th. Appointment of committee

Topics for discussion Tuesday after cripture?" Led by G. W. Perrell.